

RMON BY DR. TALMAGE

THE ROYAL BLOOD OF JESUS THE SUBJECT OF THE DISCOURSE.

Good Christians Are All the Subjects of the Great King of the Universe—Graphic Picture of the King's Estate—Oh, for the Reunion of the Saints!

BROOKLYN, Dec. 6.—This morning the vast congregation which filled every available space in the Tabernacle at the opening of the service sang with great heartiness and evident feeling Cowper's well known hymn beginning:

There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's vein—

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Royal Blood," and his text, Judges viii, 18, "Each one resembled the children of a king."

Zebah and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance, "each one resembled the children of a king." I stand today before many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth or patriotism or intelligence. The name of Washington means patriotism, although some of the blood of that race has become very thin in the last generation. The family of Medici stood as the representative of letters.

The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of forty millions of dollars in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience; and within a few years they have loaned Russia twelve millions of dollars, Naples twenty-five millions, Austria forty millions and England two hundred millions; and the stroke of their pen on the counting room desk shakes everything from the Irish sea to the Danube. They open their hand, and there is war; they shut it, and there is peace. The house of Hapsburg in Austria, the house of Stuart in England, the house of Bourbon in France were families of imperial authority.

But I come to preach of a family more potential, more rich and more extensive—the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the Cross; all of us are the children of the King.

THE FAMILY NAME.

First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line give luster to the family name. In our line we see a king and a conqueror. The Star in the East with its train of light went up to the eternal orchestra that made music at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by tramping them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on a white horse. When he returns he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel or in iron cages; but I hear the stroke of the hoofs of the snow white cavalcade that bring them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes luster from the star that heralded him, and the spear that pierced him, and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle, and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons, and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The comforter at Bethany. The resurrector at Nain. The supernatural outcast at Bethesda. The Savior of one world, and the chief joy of another. The storm his frown. The sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. The earthquake the stamp of his foot. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying dust of his chariot wheels. Able to heal a heartbreak, or smother a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with his glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth, swing out the coat of arms! Great families wear their coat of arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion, or a dragon, or an eagle. Our coat of arms, worn right over the heart, hereafter shall be a cross, a lamb, standing under it and a dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! Most significant of all family "coats of arms." In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag—the dove, the cross, the lamb, and when I fall wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the dove of the spirit, and clung to the cross, and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Ashamed of Jesus—that dear friend, On whom my hopes of life depend; Not when I blush be this my shame— That I no more reverse his name.

THE FAMILY SORROWS.

Next I speak of the family sorrows. If trouble come to one member of the family, all feel it. In the custom of the body is lowered into the grave, for all the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First those nearest the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all.

A company of persons join hands around an electric battery; the two persons at the ends of the line touch the battery, and all the circle feel the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble sets its battery all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family the sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

Their streaming eyes together flow For human guilt and mortal woe. If you rejoice at another's misfortune you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats, and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul, and not the dove of the spirit.

THE FAMILY PROPERTY.

Next I notice the family property. After a man of large estate dies the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons, and so much to his daughters, and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus bathed, and we are assembled today to hear the will read. He says, "My peace I give unto you." Through his apostle he says, "All are yours." "What is yours? Everything! Yes, everything! This world and the next. In distinguished families there are old pictures hanging on the wall. They are called the "heirlooms" of the estate. They

are very old, and have come down from generation to generation.

So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heirlooms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky loom. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey makers in the log, and beak against the bark, and squirrels chattering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky make you feel glad. The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of clouds and sets minaret and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue.

What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for aching eyes, and burning brain, and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood, and for the dim vision of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet, and for sewing girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is it? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture, and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family.

And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors, and the ocean, under her glance, comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window pane in his cabin, and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen, and the sea.

No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick cradle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heartsick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black framed, black tasseled picture of the night? It is the heirloom of our family. Ours, the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the colors of the garden, the harmonies of the air.

A WALK OVER THE ESTATE.

You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them and the cattle that pasture there—all these mountains and the crown of glacier that crest the feet of the Alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven, and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sing at a Saviour's nativity. For us they will cheer into line and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made.

In the third walk go around the Eternal City. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck twelve. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, and we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!" As these tides of glory rise we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness and thanksgiving and triumph.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying in the words of the Canticles, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away;" and once having put on thy hand the signet ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth and all the honors of heaven.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorstep. You heard the footstep of the rain on the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring woods for nuts; and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. In my Father's house are many mansions. When we talk of mansions we think of Chateaux and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen; of the kings and the queens who have walked its stately halls, or flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes and princes and queens are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars and swung the doors and planted the parks. Angels walk there, and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowliest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem and the shortest life an eternity.

STILL IN A FOREIGN LAND.

It took a Paxton to build for Chateaux a covering for the wonderful flower, Victoria Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as the triumphal march had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion.

It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are grown with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gateway are abloom with the century plants of eternity. The Queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther and Marie Antoinette and Lady Huntingdon and Cecil and Jeremy Taylor and Samuel Rutherford and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor men from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A family mansion means reunion. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married, and went off to St. Louis or Chicago or Charleston; but perhaps once a year you come together at the old place. How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years! (Father and mother do not play no more.) How you bring out the old relics, and rummage the garret, and open old scrapbooks, and shout and laugh and cry and talk over old times, and, though you may be forty-five years of age, act as though you were sixteen! Yet soon it is goodby at the car window, and goodby at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace and Mary and Martha and Charlie and Lizzie and all the darlings of your household—not pale and sick and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eye bright with the luster of heaven, and their cheek rosy with the flush of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands! What embracing! What coming together of lip to lip! "What tears of joy! You say, 'I thought there would be no tears in heaven.' There must be, for the Bible says that 'God shall wipe them away;' and if there were no tears there, how could he wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say: 'What! child of heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee.' And, with his one arm around us, and the other arm around our loved one, he shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

THE ETERNAL JUBILEE.

While I speak, some of you, with broken hearts, can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "Oh, blessed day! speed on. Toward thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. Thy eyes feel for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh, day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have just once kissed thy blessed feet I turn around to gather up the long lost treasures of my heart. Oh, be not angry with me! One look at thee were heaven. But all these reunions are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon and went into the dining room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But oh, the banquet hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table; spread it wide, for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the forest by the River gather the twelve manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the bread of which, if man eat, he shall never hunger. Take all the shot-torn flags of earthly conquest and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the timbrel, for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine.

From an Old MS.

Once when I was in Rome I was shown a MS., from which I copied this: "There appeared in these days a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a Prophet of Truth, but His disciples call Him the Son of God. He raised the dead and cured all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a serene and reverent countenance, expressing both love and fear. His hair of the color of a chestnut, full ripe; plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders.

"In the middle of his head is a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarenes. His face without a spot or wrinkle, leavened with a lovely coloring. His nose arched and firm, as if formed of gold, like his hair; not very long, but forked. His look innocent and natural. His eyes gray, clear and quick.

"In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing, very courteous and fair spoken. Pleasing in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body most excellent. His hands and arms most delectable to behold. In living very temperate, modest and wise. A man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

Publius Lentulus, the writer, was president of Judea, and Tiberius Caesar was emperor of Rome.—New York Herald.

Victoria as a Humorist.

An English journal relates these evidences of Victoria's humorous ways: "Few people are perhaps aware how thoroughly the queen enjoys a joke. A gentleman, waiting whom let us call Mr. A., distinguished for his imitative powers and dramatic talent, is not infrequently called upon to trip on the light fantastic toe, figuratively speaking, in attendance at Windsor and Balmoral. One day the great lady, looking with a certain austerity straight into the face of Mr. A., demanded: 'Now, Mr. A., I am perfectly well aware that when my back is turned you imitate me. I wish to see you do it now, this minute!'"

"Poor Mr. A. fell straightway into the royal trap, crimsoned, flattered, utterly lost his countenance. 'Ah!' exclaimed the queen, 'I see I was right! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!' and then added, laughing as heartily as any school girl, 'but don't do it again.'

"When Mrs. Christine Nilsson was commanded to sing at Windsor and had delivered 'Eisa's Prayer' from 'Lohengrin' in her own unapproachable manner, her majesty, turning with an arch smile to Sig. Tosti, standing near, asked, 'Now tell me, Tosti, if you do not think you would have liked my way of singing that song far better?'"

A Veteran.

The widow had married again. After the ceremony at the church the widow was receiving congratulations at the house. "How nicely it all went off," chattered a lady, "and you did your part to perfection."

"Oh, yes," she said complacently, "you know this isn't my maiden effort."—Detroit Free Press.

A Use for Naphthaline.

Those who are suffering from tapeworm may be relieved by naphthaline, which has been given very successfully in doses of four to eight grains for children, and fifteen for adults, as a vermifuge. When other drugs failed completely this expelled the tapeworm in a short time.—Yankee Blade.

HOW

How to Reduce English Pounds to Their Exact Equivalent in American Dollars. Multiply by 4.8665 and point off four places for cents and fractions thereof. Thus £13—13x4.8665, that is \$63.26 and 65/100 of a cent. But for sterling exchange multiply by \$4.84 in an ordinary New York market.

How to Pronounce Words with Certain Terminals.

Full value should be given to most of the terminals of words in the English language, but there are exceptions. Careless speakers who would speak more correctly may find the following rules of value: Pronounce words terminating in— ace—as spelled, not is, furnace, not fur-nace. ace—as spelled, not ledge, as cabbage, courage, postage, village, etc. ain—ain—not in, as certain, certain, not certain. ate—as spelled, not it, as moderate, not moderate. et—as spelled, not e, as aspect, not aspect; subject, not subjeet. ed—as spelled, not id or ud, as wicked, not wicked or wickid. ei—as spelled, not i, as novel, not novl, mod-el, not modl. en—as spelled, not n, as sudden, not suddn. Burden, burthen, garden, lengthen, seven, strengthen, often and a few other words have the e silent. ence—as spelled, not unce, as influence, not influ-unce. ee—as spelled, not is, as please, not pleaseis. lie—should be pronounced li, as fertil, not fertile, in all words except cannon, exile, gentle, infantile, reconcile and senile, in which the full value should be given to the ie. in—as spelled, not n, as Latin, not Latn. nd—with full value, as husband, not husban; thousand, not thousan. ness—as spelled, not uiss, as carelessness, not carefaluiss. ng—not n, as singing, not singin; speaking, not speakin. nght—not nth, as strength, not strenth. son—the s should be silent, as in treason; tre-zn, not tre-son. tal—not te, as capital, not capitol; metal, not mettle; mortal, not mortic; periodical, not periodic. At—not z, as next, not nez.

How to Save a Broom.

Dip in boiling suds once a week. The straws will become at once tough and more pliable, lasting longer and not cutting the carpet so much.

How to Ascertain the State of the Lungs.

Persons who wish to ascertain the true state of their lungs are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can. They are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed. A person with consumption cannot count more than ten seconds and frequently after six is exhausted. In pleurisy and pneumonia it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition the time will vary from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

How and When to Wear a Scarf-pin.

A scarf-pin should never be worn merely as an ornament. When it does not serve a useful purpose it should be left in the pin cushion at home. For instance, a properly made sailor's knot stays in place by itself, and a scarf-pin should never be worn with it. With the made up scarfs in imitation of the sailor's knot a pin should never be used. Indeed, made up scarfs are not considered good form by men who are particular as to dress. There is only one cravat in which a scarf-pin should be worn. This cravat is called by various names, but is probably better known now as the four-in-hand. It is really a scarf. It should be tied in one hard knot and then the ends folded over in front and fastened together with the scarf-pin, which should be run through the cravat twice so that half an inch or so of the pin itself will show in the cravat. Its purpose is thus made manifest. A man should never wear anything which does not serve a useful purpose.

How to Make a Feather Brush.

Boil the wing feathers of a turkey or chicken for five or ten minutes, then rinse them in tepid water, dry and tie up in a bunch suitable to use in greasing pans or brushing egg over tarts or pastry.

How to Treat for an Overdose of Opium or Laudanum.

Give any quick emetic you have at hand. If there is none, tickle the roof of the tongue and throat with finger or feather till the patient vomits. Then pour in hot strong coffee as long as the patient can be made to swallow it. This should be done from the first, without waiting for the vomiting, if the latter be delayed more than two or three minutes. Keep the patient moving and sweating. If necessary to the latter, place the feet in hot water or hot cloths. Of course a physician should be sent for while all this is going on. Opium is not tak up by the stomach as rapidly as is generally supposed, and life may often be saved long after the poison is swallowed.

How to Prevent Bleeding.

Put a little sugar in the linen cloth used for a bandage, moisten sugar with saliva and lay directly over the cut, binding as tightly as possible. The sugar will quickly stanch the flow of blood.

How to Give Medicines.

Medicines should be given in such a manner that the effect of the first dose shall not have ceased when the next dose is given, therefore the intervals between the doses should be regulated accordingly. It is well also to remember that fluids act quicker than powders and powders sooner than pills.

How to Make a Wainscot for the Hall of a Country House.

A striking and beautiful wainscot for any hall where it can be suitably placed is made by fastening dry cornstalks side by side in an upright position against the wall. They should be cut off slantingly at about the height of a wainscot from the floor, and when all is in place polished.

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